



Deserting His Post of Duty.

Tale of a Pamphlet.

Tae a' My Brither Scots.

As to Shuster.

When the Governor Had a Bodyguard.

I note that one of the afternoon papers, whose correspondent at Washington vigorously contradicted the report that a special investigator of Governor Frear would come to Hawaii, now has word from the same correspondent that Kubio is leaving for Hawaii on Tuesday to be here when the investigator arrives. Leaving out the inconsistency of the correspondent's news, his latest report is of considerable interest. It demonstrates, for one thing, just how onerous our Delegate regards his duties at the national capital.

This is the session of congress when the sugar tariff is to be attacked, when, if at any time, Hawaii's representative should be on hand to look after the interests of the islands, but what is the sugar tariff to Kubio if he is able to embarrass the man who refused a judgeship to Ashford?

This is a session during which there will be great appropriations for Hawaii to be considered in the house. But what are a few millions for fortifications and army posts and naval station developments compared with the chance to seek the man who stood between the Kapiolani Estate and a raid upon the treasury?

An amendment to the Organic Act, affecting the amount of land to be held by a corporation is to come up; the Fairchild Resolution, affecting all the public land of the Territory is to be pressed; there are numerous things in which Hawaii is vitally interested, including Panama Canal matters, to be brought before congress, but none of these is as important to our elected representative as his fight against the Governor.

Taking it by and large, a whole lot of worry and good money was wasted in the last campaign to elect Kubio. It will be remembered that Kubio was elected mainly because everyone connected with the plantations was afraid of McCandless. It was thought that if Link once got a foothold at the Capitol he would turn loose against the corporations and rage around Washington about how the face of poor Hawaii was being ground down by the sugar planters. Everyone knows the shivers that passed up and down the spinal column of the business community at the idea of any such firebrand as Link ever getting elected. And now, what has happened?

Kubio has attacked the plantation interests more bitterly than McCandless could ever have done; he has denounced the corporations and even gone to the length of declaring that his own election was the result of a debauching campaign carried on by the sugar interests! He has done everything that everyone thought McCandless might do and he has gone farther than anyone ever dreamed the Democrat would attempt.

And now, having done Hawaii all the harm he can among the lawmakers, he is deserting his post of duty in order to continue in Hawaii the mischief he started at Washington.

Honestly this game of getting out a daily newspaper is the greatest thing on earth. If you don't believe me you should hang round the office for a while, just to watch the strange things in the shape of humans that sometimes thrust themselves in upon the editor. Of course there are lots of people we are glad to see come into the office. But they are beside this. What started me thinking along this line was a communication that came into The Advertiser's office yesterday afternoon, looking like the after effects of an explosion in the paper's composing room.

On one side of the four-page pamphlet affair was the announcement that "War is hell." That is not an original statement and the author of the pamphlet was thoughtful enough to put it in over the name of General Sherman, the originator of the phrase. Taking it as his text the writer preached a little sermon against military service that would do good to the hearts of our friends at turbulent Lake Mohonk.

I forgot what the author's name is, Smith I think, but he is sure some writer. Of the Spanish-American mixup he said "The plutocrats got the dollars, the officers got the glory and the enlisted men got the hard work and the fever." Which statement is of course so true that it affected the office staff almost to tears. By the way the staff contains several of the unlucky "men" who shivered as they read.

The tears became a torrent when the article took up the matter of the embargoed beef at Santiago and elsewhere in Cuba. When it mentioned the distress and hardship suffered in the cause of their country, the self-pity tears mingled with those of anger against the plutocrats who had so robbed us, until I tell you it was an affecting scene.

Following down the halls of history the author of the pamphlet touched lightly upon the troubles of the enlisted men in the Philippines and their woes in other campaigns. Every word went straight to our hearts—mine and the other fellow's. But when the writer, coming down almost to our own times, began to speak of what President Taft had done in and to Mexico I tell you our blood boiled to think that we, as American citizens, must submit to this. By this, I mean what Taft did. It was an awful thing. Really awful. In the first place he bent his ear to the whispered commands of the plutocrats in Wall Street and ordered out the American forces in order to help overthrow poor old Diaz—at least it was something like that. Madero and Taft are mere tools of Charley Taft, who in turn is acting through his brother for the BIG INTERESTS, asserts the pamphlet. Now that is such a self-evident thing that it failed to move us, after the horrors which had preceded it, so we came to the grand finale rather cooled and apathetic. But that finale captured us—me and the other fellow. It read something like this:

"Why go to war? Brothers, the United States government is now seeking, by all manner of wiles and arts, to force a war with Japan. The interests in Wall Street and elsewhere are seeking for some good excuse to declare war on Japan that they may be able to get their clutching hands on the rich treasure land of Manchuria. They want concessions for the gold mines and the oil fields of that enormously wealthy country. War is hell, said General Sherman. Don't go to hell so that the plutocrats may have a larger slice of heaven. Stay at home and enjoy the fruits of your labors. Let the rich man go and fight and the officer go with him."

Why not? Personally I am inclined to agree with the author. I never did like war. It is too much like work, in the first place, and then you never get enough to eat, cooked in the way mother used to cook. No, looking back on the past I am convinced that the author of that pamphlet knows what he is talking about. He is a great man and every word he says is true.

I have received a number of strange communications in my day, but never anything in a language to which I had no dictionary until the following appeared in my mail. In the hope that there may be some able to read it, I give it as it came to me. This is it:

Tae th' Bystander: Awa off here, far frae the land we are a' sae proud o', the land whaur Bruce an' Wallace lived, th' bonniest land in a' God's yerth, I want tae pit in a word or twa for the lugs o' my brither Scots. I'm hopin' you' prent these few bit words an' gin there's ony bill tae pay, send it tae me an' th' bawbees wull gae tae ye be return mail.

Brither Scots: I hope ye winna forget, though far ayont the sea from hame, that ye hae brought wi ye a' the traditions and gude name o' Bonnie Scotland, say dinna ye fash yerselves about whether ye hae a dance aroun the room or a bite o' the haggis the coming Burns' nicht. Tak a wee bit advice frae me. 'Tis Leap Year the noo and gin the lassies want tae gie a bit whirl in strathspey or reel, dinna be fashed. The year ca'ad 1912 will sune be pased, an' another year add tae the ower mony some av ye hae tae ye're credit account. Gin ye hae tae pit yer pipe awa' and pit cloves in

ye'r pouch for aince, ye may stand it. Burns' ull be a' there for mony a year tae come.

Gin ye hae a dance or a smoker ye wull still be able to turn yer theochts back on the folks at hame, wha canna forget us, though far frae ayont the sea, and whit the' oor een get a wee bit misty, there's nae shame in that, whether it be a dance wi' the lassies we gang tae or tae a beer dinner with the blue smoke curling round.

Yince mair we will be amang oor ain folk; yince mair we'll be meeting wi' freens and acquaintances. We may smell the bonny heather an' in oor mind's een hark tae the skirling o' the pipes, and then, somehow the picture is blotted out, wi' a haze afore oor een. If only foreign folks be amang us, then they wull maybe be surprised tae find out that there are times when "Scottie" does hae a weakness, and gies wey for a while tae the hame hunger which attacks him on Burns' nicht.

It's a common thing wi' wud be wite tae poke fun at oor nationality, and get up cheap jokes about oor love o' the bawbee, but that is only a surface weakness. Get tae the depths o' a Scotchman and ye winnae find a mair kindly body, tho' unlike some ither races, he disnae mak' a blaw about it.

Hoovever, I'm rambling frae the object o' ma letter, which wis jist tae gie a' ma brither Scots a richt guid talkin' tae.

It wis, I think, Napoleon wha said that every French sodger cairried a marshal's baton in his knapsack. Weel, every Scotchman in Hawaii cairries his country's guid name in his keeping, and the best way tae be proud o' oor native land is tae dae naething tae bring disgrace on its guid name.

Ony man wha walks aff the strait in the moral law, gies a slap tae the name o' his country, and shoos ony o' ma brither Scots be tempted tae side track himsel' let him keep this in his noddle. It may be a bit help tae keep him on the main line o' honor and honesty. Above a', dinna' fecht amang oor'sen.

Brither Scotchmen, here's still anither toast for ye, and yin a' ken ye'll drink wi' the honors three:

"Here's tae us, wha's like us!"

And tae the wifes and queennies, I wish the same as the men folk. May the wify aye hae plenty o' parritch for her pat, and may the lassie sune hae a wee hoosie o' her ain.

I notice that there has been a lot said in the papers and magazines during the past few weeks about W. Morgan Shuster, treasurer general of Persia, but one part of his career seems to have been overlooked, studiously. Whether this is through ignorance of the episode, or through desire to shield the "Boy Prodigy," I do not know.

The general trend of this official's life has been well chronicled, how he went to Cuba as stenographer and was afterward made collector of customs, how he went to Manila as insular collector succeeding Col. George Colton who was first collector, and who was sent to Santo Domingo to straighten affairs there. When Colton came back from Santo Domingo, Shuster was elevated to the Philippine Commission by his friend Taft, the new appointee being but thirty years of age at the time. He was put into a position which paid \$15,000 a year and given the portfolio of secretary of public instruction.

He worked all right in this job for a time, but then he got to making after-dinner speeches, and speeches at gatherings of Filipinos which were more of a political nature. All at once a cablegram came from Washington for him to proceed to the national capital at once. He had been talking altogether too much.

He went, of course. When he got there he was told how he had transgressed, it is said, and he was offered the chairmanship of an investigating commission or something of the sort which was to look into affairs in Liberia, this being the farthest away place Washington could think of.

Shuster declined and went to studying law, and next bobbed into the public eye as financial adviser to the Shah of Persia.

Shuster was born and bred in Kentucky, and is married to a beautiful Kentucky belle. It is perfectly obvious to any southerner why Shuster should decline to investigate a negro republic, even at the expense of being let out of a position high in the Philippine government.

Everybody by this time must be familiar with Kipling's trite announcement about the fierceness of the wahine of the species. I suppose that there is something in it. At any rate, Governor Frear has a young lady as a member of his office staff—not that I have any reason to suppose that there is any fierceness about her, because it is by no means apparent, but just because I happen to know that the once duties of the staff included bodyguarding the Governor and Secretary Mott-Smith.

In the early days of the Frear regime, the staff consisted of D. Lloyd Conkling, Claudius H. McBride, Lieut. Henry O'Sullivan and three minor officials whose hardest work was mailing free copies of the session reports to the members of the legislature. These barriers between the public and the members of the executive department were hold-overs from Governor Carter's time and under the tutelage of Secretary Jack had been carefully drilled to jump at the first sign of danger. The instructions were to keep "cranks" away from the Governor, and if one persisted, to shoot him on the spot.

Now, Governor Frear and Secretary Mott-Smith on moving in were not told of the care to be taken of them. Consequently, when the Governor climbed up on a chair one day to drive a nail with his paperweight for a new picture and the chair and himself came down together, he was a very startled man. Conkling, with one revolver, McBride with two, O'Sullivan with an ironwood ruler and the office boys with paper knives poured into his inner office from every direction before the Governor could disentangle himself from the wreck. Only the quickness of Conkling prevented McBride from shooting on general principles.

When Mr. Frear learned how his bodyguard was always ready to defend him from dynamiters, poets and people with encyclopedias, his expressions of gratitude were warm. Now, if you notice, Conkling is the holder of a portfolio and McBride rides in an auto at the expense of the County of Hawaii.

"Commission" Government and Business Efficiency.

A most striking feature of this movement is the vigor with which it has smitten some of the favorite traditions of American political thought, writes H. S. Gilbertson in the current number of the American Review of Reviews. Theorists have, in fact, furnished less resistance to the spread of the plan than any party to its discussion; and the enemy has rested less upon theoretical objections than in any prominent constructive political movement in the past. Thus the theory of separation of powers, familiarly known as "checks and balances," has come in for some heavy hammering. The old style of city government was deviously complex, studiously "checked," and ingeniously balanced. But the commission plan rudely brushes the theory of separation of powers aside.

The fruit of this iconoclasm is reasonably inferable from the mass of testimony to the business efficiency of the system. The word "mass" is used advisedly, for, in view of the variations of the individual charters, any deductions in support of the essential commission type must be comprehensive in scope. These are some of the results reported:

Dallas, Texas. A deficiency of \$200,000 wiped out and a credit balance established in two years.
Topeka, Kansas. Municipal bonds sold at private sale at a higher rate than under the old administration.
Burlington, Iowa. The old city debt refunded in serial bonds bearing 4½ per cent interest instead of 6 per cent as formerly.
Columbia, South Carolina. Extensive reduction in budget for corresponding items under the old administration.
Hutchinson, Kansas. Bonds selling at a lower rate than ever before.
Cherryvale, Kansas. The bonds of the city selling at par for the first time.
Corpus Christi, Texas. Extensive improvements in streets and sidewalks, etc.; property values greatly increased.
Chattanooga, Tennessee. Bonds of the city selling at a better premium than formerly.
Bartlesville, Oklahoma. City warrants worth par and city deposits now bearing interest.
Houston, Texas. The credit of the city restored from eighty cents on the dollar to par, and the tax rate reduced from \$2 to \$1.70 on the same valuation.
Leavenworth, Kansas. Bonded indebtedness reduced by \$112,000 in three years while the tax rate remained stationary.
Haverhill, Massachusetts. A saving of \$97,900 effected by the first year's administration.

Small Talks

CHARLES BARON.—I'm a bear-cat on conversation, I am. I wish they'd hurry up that political campaign.

CHARLES T. WILDER.—This year's transpacific yacht race should be the best in the history of the event. A big list of entries is promised.

MAJOR M'GILL, tourist, of Billings, Montana.—Fifty-four below zero back home! That's nothin'. I've seen it worse'n that up around Billings and never wore ear-muffs.

CAPT. F. B. EDWARDS.—The permanent buildings at Leilehua will make that post one of the most attractive in the army. We shall begin on construction of the cavalry post by the end of January.

HIGH SHERIFF HENRY.—Every time one of our boarders walks out through the wall it impresses us with the fact that it was built in 1857 and also that that new prison looks mighty good, even if it is only in the mind's eye.

VOLCANO MARSHALL.—Tuesday afternoon my water buffalo took to waltzing, skipping, and cavorting generally. Wagging his left ear when I sidled up to him, he said: "Ex-Governor George R. Carter has become 'tactful.'"

J. H. MAGOON.—The Hawaii Yacht Club has not been given the support it should have in its recent transpacific races. It costs considerable money to finance a trip of the kind, but Honoluluans appear to overlook the tremendous advertising asset the race is.

E. D. TENNEY.—Plans for the Matson Navigation Company's new passenger steamer to be used between San Francisco and the Islands are nearly completed. The vessel will be larger and faster than the Wilhelmina, and will afford the same high class of service.

W. R. HUGHES.—A visit to the volcano of Kilauea is a visit to the greatest wonder in the world. I was in Hilo only one week but made two visits to the crater and hated to leave the lava pit until toward morning. If I could go again, I would take the next steamer over.

SHERIFF JARRETT.—I don't like to give out such news as police officers being discharged for accepting bribes, but such things must happen and I don't suppose I can expect to be able to pick out a flawless man each time. This fellow didn't stay in the department long at any rate.

JULIUS UNGER.—I had always thought that domestic cigars were better than any others. The way the Manila trade in Honolulu has grown, increasing three times in amount during the past year and a half, I am beginning to think that the Manila smokes hit the popular taste just about right.

ELMER M. CHEATHAM.—I am trying to figure out just how much "educational and artistic value" there is in the pictures of nude negroes and negresses exhibited on a Beretania street billboard. I wonder if our local billboard magnate saw these pictures before being posted or has had his attention called to them since; they should be torn down immediately.

HOWARD ADAMS.—That work of the police in making drivers of automobiles take the proper turn at the corner of Port and King streets is the best thing they ever did. Dozens of accidents are narrowly averted every day by machines whizzing around the corner on the wrong side of the street.

ROBERT W. BRECKONS.—We are going to get after these perjurers who think nothing of swearing falsely before the grand jury. It is time the Chinese, especially, were made to know the sanctity of a Christian oath, and if they can not be made to feel it any other way it will have to be by fear of punishment.

ALEXANDER HUME FORD.—Our excursions are taking finely and all the accommodations have been booked up on every one announced. They pay expenses and ten per cent over, and the tourists are especially interested in this cheap way of getting around the island and to interesting points on the other side.

JULIUS ASCH JR.—Don't come around this office for current history just now. We're too busy compiling the police history of Honolulu for 1911.

DR. G. W. M'COY.—I will say for the people of Honolulu that every time we have shown a householder that mosquitoes breed in a certain point, he calls his yard boy at once and gets them out. We haven't had any trouble at all over plants.

AUGUSTUS DEERING.—In a fireman's magazine I read the other day an account of a recent great fire in Brooklyn, where a loss of a million and a half dollars was entailed. The locality seemed familiar to me and then when I looked at the picture of the structure destroyed I remembered that I had worked in that building close on to twenty years ago. It certainly was a great blaze and the New York department sent several companies across to Brooklyn to help fight it.

THREATS OF COUNTRYMEN CAUSE YOUNG TO LEAVE TERRITORY TO SAVE LIFE

With the reported sale of his employment agency business and the booking for departure from the Territory by C. H. Young, the Korean prominent in the mixup following the death of Editor Victor Hung Nhee of the Korean News, the latest inter-Korean scrap comes to an end. Young leaves under pressure, according to his countrymen, and to save his life.

Following threats to kill him which were made on the floor of the Korean National Association convention recently Young fell deeper and deeper into his fellow-countrymen's bad graces until he was finally forced to admit that his life was worth little if he did not at once announce his projected departure, which he accordingly did. He leaves on the next vessel to the Orient.

Young is reported by prominent members of the association to have been at the bottom of the charges that drove the young patriot-editor to suicide and he also subsequently referred to the officers of the association as yellow thieves.

LOAN TO SWEETHEART LED TO PRISON CELL.
Maui News:—A son of Nippon who has been a sort of jack of all trades, living at Lahaina and who has been systematically robbing all his employers came to grief Friday. He became bold, and when his sweetheart spoke of getting her picture taken, he volunteered to loan her his watch, so as to make a good showing. The Japanese beauty started gaily for the photographers, with the watch dangling from her best kimono. On the way she met another Jap who thought he saw a resemblance between the watch on the fair one's breast and one he had lost. He notified the deputy sheriff, and together they interviewed the girl. She said she had been loaned the watch by her sweetheart. This sweetheart was found and as his answers were unsatisfactory to the sheriff, and as the other Jap identified the watch, he was taken into custody.

The great surprise was to come, however, when the police seized the effects of the thief. There they found tools of all description. Carpenter's tools, blacksmith's tools, plumber's tools, and garden tools. Anything from a crowbar to a file. When everything had been unloaded, the stuff covered four tables, twelve feet long. If this fellow should serve time for all the charges now against him, his girl will have to hunt up another sweetheart, as this one will be lost to her for some time.

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